

# The Sketch.



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# "GOSSARD"

LACE IN FRONT

## CORSETS

AT

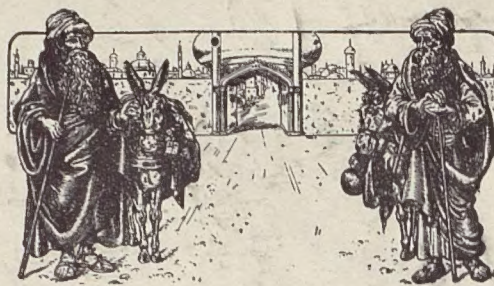
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#### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

TWO merchants of the East met at the gate of the city, each with his ass well-laden as if for a long journey. "Whither goest thou, friend?" asked the one. "Dost thou perchance also journey to Damascus?" "Even so," replied the other, "and if thou be willing, we will journey on our road together, for these be perilous times and the way is hard."

"Yea, verily, thou art right, friend; hard for man and beast. Hast thou seen to it that thine ass is well-shod?" "Of a surety, good friend, and shoes have I to spare should aught befall," Whereon the other smiled in his beard, but answered not, and they went on their way, the one with the other.

(To be continued.)

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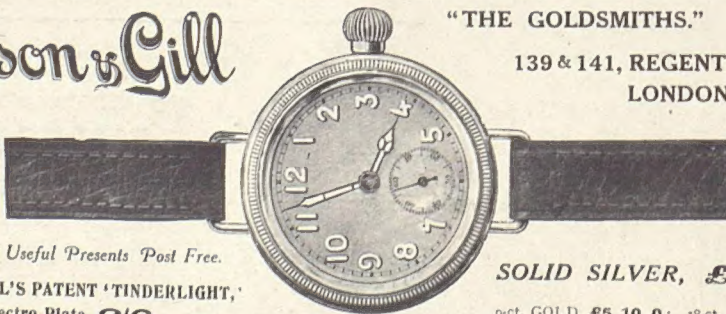
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# The Sketch

No. 1156.—Vol. LXXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 24, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



FROM STUDENT TO LEADING LADY AT A STRIDE: MISS DOROTHY WARING, WHO IS TO BE VÉRONIQUE AT THE ADELPHI.

At a recent meeting of the Corporation, Mr. H. Dixon Kimber, Chairman of the Music Committee, said that the management of the Adelphi Theatre asked Mr. Landon Ronald, Principal of the Guildhall School of Music, if he could recommend a student to take the title-part in "Véronique," and he had nominated Miss Dorothy Waring,

who had taken a scholarship. Miss Waring, who is only nineteen, has been accepted on a three years' engagement. Her salary in the third year is to be fifty guineas a week. Miss Waring is a pupil of that well-known singer and teacher, Mr. Franklin Clive. The revival of "Véronique" is due on April 3.—[Photograph by Stuart.]





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"



After All—  
London!

I think it was Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, of the *Daily Telegraph*, who wrote the other day that life at the Front was very dull compared with life in London. Life at the Front has become rather more exciting since that remark was recorded, but London still has the better service of news.

I was just leaving the club the other night when the hall-porter tore a brief message off the tape-machine and pinned it to the board. "Anything good?" I asked.

"Pretty good," said the porter, with the customary calm of the club official, whom nothing can surprise or excite. "They've got that old *Dresden* at last."

I read the brief message with great glee. It looked unimportant enough on the tape, but in my mind's eye I could easily see the head-lines in the papers next morning, the special bills in the streets the same night, the cheering crowds in the theatres and music-halls, the special articles by the naval experts, and the much-prized and ever-growing list of German naval losses. I love that list. I read it with the utmost satisfaction every time it is published, together with the figures that we all know by heart, beginning with—"Blücher—15,000 tons."

The people in the street as yet knew nothing about the *Dresden*. I wanted to tell them, but that would not have been fair to the evening papers. Imbued with the true spirit of Fleet Street, I refrained.

The Gay Evening  
Papers.

A neighbour of mine in the country once astonished me by saying that he never had an evening paper delivered at his house because it spoilt the paper in the morning. True, that was before the war began, but I was extremely surprised. Your evening paper in London is a joy—if it is a good evening paper, well edited, well printed, and generous of "special" features, which are always half the making of an evening paper—but it is an even greater joy in the country. In the morning one reads one's paper as a duty, but you cannot linger over it: there are other things to do. In the evening, there you have the day's pageant spread out before you, together with special articles and features that you have leisure to read and enjoy.

What could be more delightful than Colonel Maude's comments in the *Evening Standard*? They fill me with hope. The dear old Colonel, if he will allow a stranger to call him so in all sincerity and with all due deference—using the word "old" strictly as a term of endearment—is always at his very best after a rousing British victory. He opens so temperately, so chastely; he is determined to keep himself well in hand; he warns us not to exaggerate the importance of the affair. But wait until he gets one-third of the way down the column! My hat, don't the Germans get it! And the Colonel always gives one the *reason* why the enemy is doomed. You feel that he knows what he is talking about, which adds tenfold to the pleasure of reading him.

Stick to 'em, Colonel!

The Spoilt  
Londoner.

What would the Londoner do, I wonder, without the contents-bills of the evening papers? Next to the closing of the shops, which is the most depressing sight in any city, nothing could have a more dreary effect than the suppression of the contents-bills. They may sometimes be misleading; they may sometimes lie; they may sometimes excite unduly—who cares? I love to see the working of the editorial mind on a good piece of news. I pointed out in these columns years ago, just for the fun of the thing, that it is quite unnecessary to buy an evening paper if you read the contents-bills.

What one bill does not tell you, another will. If one bill shouts guardedly—

SUICIDE OF A FAMOUS POLITICIAN,

the next one will tell you his name, the third in what manner he took his life, and the fourth when and where.

I doubt whether the Londoner appreciates these benefits to the full. He is so accustomed to London that he cannot enjoy it. For sheer enjoyment of London, it is necessary, I admit, to know your London inside and out, but it is better to have acquired that knowledge than, so to speak, to have been born with it. The young Londoner has the advantage of the young man from the country, but the man of forty who has spent half his life in the country and half in London has the advantage of the man who has always lived in London. He is not nearly so jaded.

In Honour of  
"Elizabeth."

My appeals for a triolet in honour of H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* have resulted in a good deal of poetical activity from one end of the Kingdom to the other. Some of the aspirants have waxed so enthusiastic over the majesty of our super-Dreadnought that they have thrown overboard most of the little rules that govern the making of the triolet. Their patriotism is their excuse; what better?

After careful consideration, I think "R. P. J.," of the Royal Societies Club, has turned in the neatest triolet. It is not, perhaps, quite perfect, but how many perfect triolets can you find in the language? H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth* is addressing the Dardanelles—

"My dear Dardanelles

You must really admit me:

Experience tells,

My dear Dardanelles,

That my 15-inch shells

Won't allow you to hit me.

My dear Dardanelles,

You must really admit me!"

As a contrast to that, I should like to quote one from Sunderland, where they know rather more about super-Dreadnoughts than we quiet folk in the South. Indeed, it is possible that Mr. James Turner, my correspondent, had something to do with "Lizzie" before she went South—

Bonny, brawny, buxom "Lizzie,"

Got old Gobbler in the stew?

Gobbler ses he's cool—but *is* he,

Bonny, brawny, buxom "Lizzie"?

Bound to make a chap feel dizzy

Way you spits out "How-de-do"!

Bonny, brawny, buxom "Lizzie,"

Got old Gobbler in the stew.

The mere repetition of the two leading lines without any definite necessity may be a slight weakness, but isn't it rather wonderful that a triolet should come from Sunderland at all these strenuous days? I am sure "Lizzie's" boys will appreciate both these tributes, and the others which I have not space to print.

Flight.

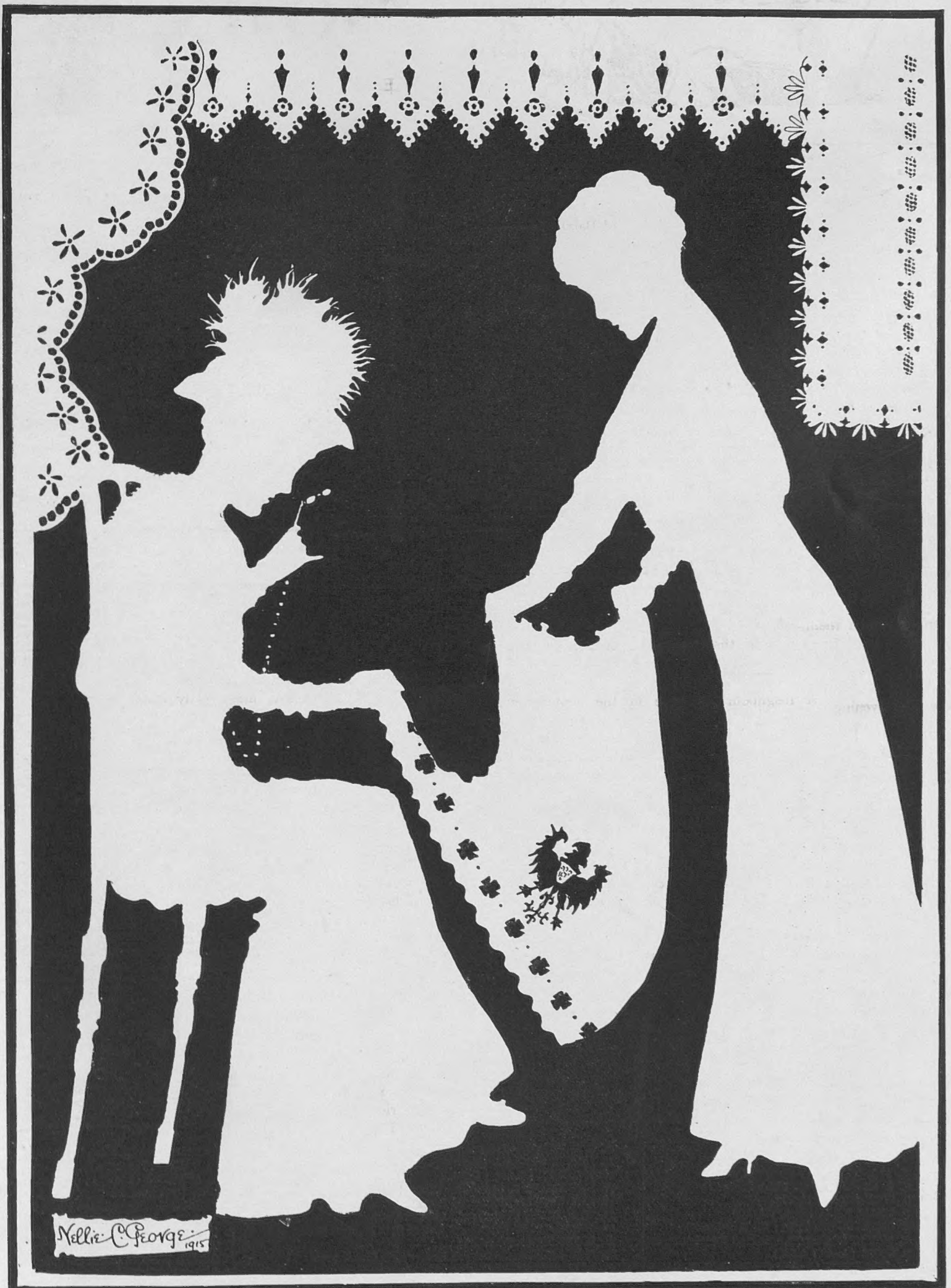
Oxford men of my generation will be rather amazed when I tell them of a little incident that occurred to me yesterday. A young and beautiful lady showed me the photograph of her son in the uniform of a naval airman. "He is seventeen," she said, "and has just gained his certificate." I was frankly staggered. For the lady was Mrs. H. B. Irving, who, as Dorothea Baird, was the idol of Oxford some time before she became world-famous as the ideal Trilby. Time has stood still with Trilby, yet her son is seventeen and is going to the War!

Life is short. That is a platitude.

But what an amazing number of experiences and emotions may be crowded into it! That is another platitude.



BY GEORGE!



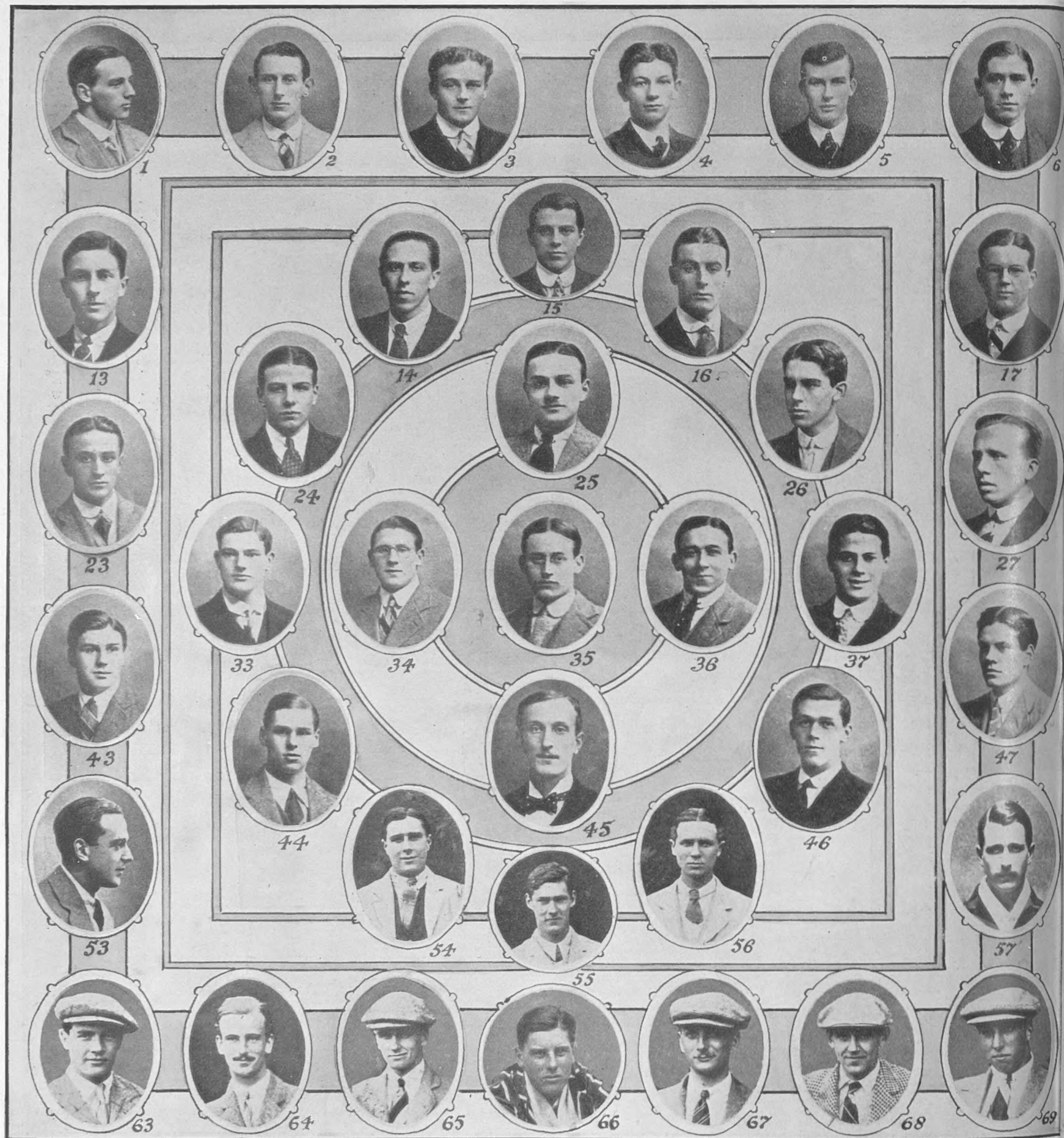
THE CUSTOMER: Have you got anything topical in the way of curtains?

THE SHOP ASSISTANT: Certainly, Madam. Here is one of our new "Kaiser" curtains; all ready to hang.

DRAWN BY NELLIE C. GEORGE.



## CAMBRIDGE BLUES TO GIVE THE GERMANS BLUES! FAMOUS



1. W. D. DOHERTY (Rugby; A.S.C.).
2. W. M. WALLACE (Rugby; 5th Rifle Brigade).
3. A. H. WILSON (Rugby; 4th Irish Fusiliers).
4. J. M. C. LEWIS (Rugby; Welsh Regiment).
5. J. G. WILL (Rugby; H.A.C.).
6. B. S. CUMBERLEGE (Rugby; A.S.C.).
7. J. E. GREENWOOD (Rugby; 5th East Surrey).
8. A. F. MAYNARD (Rugby; 2nd Naval Brigade).
9. C. M. LOWE (Rugby; A.S.C.).
10. A. W. SYMINGTON (Rugby; 6th King's R. R. C.).
11. P. C. B. BLAIR (Rugby; in O.T.C.).
12. A. VINCENT (Rugby; 5th Rifle Brigade).
13. C. L. CORFIELD (Hockey; 1st Cambridgeshires).

14. P. C. VELLACOTT (Hockey; 7th South Lancashires).
15. J. M. A. KENDALL (Hockey).
16. J. C. FAIR (Hockey; R.F.A.).
17. LIEUTENANT C. PATTESON (Hockey).
18. S. H. SAVILLE (Cricket and Hockey; 9th Essex).
19. W. N. RILEY (Hockey; 4th Leicestershires).
20. G. E. C. WOOD (Cricket and Hockey; 7th Gloucestershires).
21. R. JUCKES (Rugby; R.E.).
22. R. B. LAGDEN (Cricket and Hockey; 5th Rifle Brigade).
23. R. W. STEVENSON (Hockey; 8th Worcestershires).
24. E. N. BOCK (Athletics; 6th Staffordshires).
25. J. V. BRYNE JOHNSON (Athletics; 2nd Rifle Brigade).
26. A. J. PETERS (Athletics).

27. J. NORMAN (Athletics; 2nd Naval Brigade).
28. R. M. DAVIES (Athletics; R.F.A.).
29. R. E. ATKINSON (Athletics; 9th Durhams).
30. H. LAW (Athletics; 6th Royal Rifles).
31. D. GORDON DAVIES (Athletics; 16th Royal Welsh Fusiliers).
32. R. S. WOODS (Athletics; R.A.M.C.).
33. A. G. WILLIS (Athletics; 2nd Naval Brigade).
34. J. H. C. LINDSAY (Athletics; 9th Royal North Lancashires).
35. F. GOWAN TAYLOR (Athletics; 3rd Yorks. and Lancasters).
36. R. E. N. TWOPENNY (Athletics; King Edward's Horse).
37. E. I. Lloyd (Athletics; 1st Anglo-Belgian Field Ambulance).
38. D. ST. G. R. BOSWELL (Football; 3rd Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry).

It was a foregone conclusion when war broke out that both Oxford and Cambridge men would enlist in shoals so soon as the call to serve their country reached them. The response from Blues of both Universities has been remarkable, and, as the men are in the pink of condition, they represent an important factor in the war. Of last year's 148 Oxford Blues, no fewer than 127 have joined his Majesty's Forces, and of the Cambridge Blues of last year, 115 have enlisted. The

Photographs by Stearns



## UNIVERSITY SPORTSMEN OF 1914 WHO HAVE JOINED THE COLOURS.



39. J. F. FARNHAM (Football; 12th London Regiment).  
 40. A. W. FOSTER (Football).  
 41. DR. H. PATERSON (Football; R.F.A.).  
 42. R. H. CALLENDER (Football).  
 43. J. S. F. MORRISON (Football and Cricket; Royal Flying Corps).  
 44. J. H. FOSDICK (Football; 7th Rifle Brigade).  
 45. G. E. TOWER (Rowing; R.F.A.).  
 46. G. E. V. BUXTON (Rowing; R.F.A.).  
 47. J. K. BOUSFIELD (Athletics; R.E.).  
 48. M. WOOSNAM (Football; Montgomery Yeomanry).  
 49. R. R. RAWSON (Boxing; R.E.).  
 50. D. F. OSMASTON (Fencing and Swimming; R.E.).

51. H. HALL (Athletics; R.F.A.).  
 52. H. S. O. ASHINGTON (Athletics; 7th East Yorks.).  
 53. C. S. CLARK (Rowing; 5th Suffolks).  
 54. J. A. RITSON (Rowing; 7th East Lancshires).  
 55. D. J. DAY (Rowing; R.F.A.).  
 56. K. G. GARNETT (Rowing; R.F.A.).  
 57. H. W. LEATHEM (Racquets; R.A.M.C.).  
 58. C. B. LEATHEM (Racquets; 6th King's Own Yorkshire L.I.).  
 59. A. E. TELFER (Athletics; Public Schools Battalion).  
 60. P. L. ROY (Boxing; H.A.C.).  
 61. HON. F. S. G. CALTHORPE (Cricket).  
 62. K. H. C. WOODROFFE (Cricket; 6th Rifle Brigade).  
 63. R. E. RICHARDSON (Golf; Public Schools Battalion).

64. R. E. WILSON (Golf; Royal Scots).  
 65. H. I. T. NEILSON (Golf; 1st Life Guards).  
 66. H. G. VINCENT (Cricket; 5th London Rifles).  
 67. R. C. G. YERBERGH (Golf; Irish Guards).  
 68. R. B. VINCENT (Golf; 5th Gordon Highlanders).  
 69. R. P. HUMPHRIES (Golf; 3rd Somerset L.I.).  
 70. L. ORMROD (Polo; 12th Reserve Cavalry).  
 71. W. G. CLARKE (Polo; 2nd Life Guards).  
 72. P. THORNTON (Polo; 16th Lancers).  
 73. A. C. P. ARNOLD (Cricket; Public Schools Battalion).  
 74. G. B. DAVIES (Cricket).  
 75. E. C. BAKER (Cricket; 3rd Royal Fusiliers).  
 76. G. A. FAIRBAIRN (Cricket; 18th Hussars).

Cambridge Blues who are with the colours include the whole of last year's Cricket Eleven; eight of the Football Eleven; thirteen of the Rugby Fifteen; seven swimmers; the seven boxing Blues; seven golf Blues; six of last year's 'Varsity Crew; ten hockey Blues; four lawn-tennis players; the billiard Blue; three polo Blues; twenty-one athletic Blues; three fencing Blues; one tennis Blue; five lacrosse Blues; four gymnastic Blues; both the racquets Blues; and two chess Blues.



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## THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The Bond of Sport. M. Hartley. 6s.  
(Duckworth.)  
Reminiscences of Sir Robert Ball. Edited by  
W. Valentine Ball. 16s. net. (Cassell.)  
Fighting with King Albert. Capitaine Gabriel  
de Libert de Flemalle. 6s.  
(Hodder and Stoughton.)  
Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon. Francis  
Arkwright. Two vols. 10s. 6d. net each.  
(Stanley Paul.)  
Napoleon in Exile at St. Helena (1815-1821).  
Norwood Young. Two vols. 32s. net.  
(Stanley Paul.)  
At Home and on the Battlefield. Sir Frederick  
Stephenson. 12s. net. (Murray.)  
The Berlin Court under William II. Count  
Axel von Schwering. 16s. net. (Cassell.)

## FICTION.

The Eternal Triangle. Lindsay Russell. 6s.  
(Ward, Lock.)  
The Day's Work. Rudyard Kipling. (The  
Service Edition.) Two vols. 2s. 6d. net  
each. (Macmillan.)  
Kim. Rudyard Kipling. (The Service Edi-  
tion.) Two vols. 2s. 6d. net each.  
(Macmillan.)  
You Never Know Your Luck. Sir Gilbert  
Parker. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
Her Royal Highness. William Le Queux. 1s.  
(Hodder and Stoughton.)  
Helen with the High Hand. Arnold Bennett.  
1s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)  
The Good Soldier. Ford Madox Hueffer. 6s.  
(The Bodley Head.)  
Happy-Go-Lucky. Ian Hay. 1s. (Blackwood.)

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

## A MAN WHO KNOWS NOT MILESTONES: MAXIM.\*

Mice-Catching  
Mice; and  
Other Inventions.

Sir Hiram Maxim describes himself as a chronic inventor: none will quarrel with that. It may be added that he is the most practical of inventors, a man who can use his hands as well as his brain. What he has not done would not fill a large book. He began young. Before he was any age at all, an expert in geography, he made a simple instrument which enabled him to determine latitude. At fourteen and some months, working eight hours in the morning and another eight in the afternoon, he was turning out wheel-barrows—the best lot his employer had seen. Another job at this period was making axle-trees of seasoned rock maple plank as hard as horn. Then came the first invention proper, an engine of destruction by no means as formidable as the famous quick-firer! To be frank, it was a mouse-trap; and mightily ingenious. The trouble with the ordinary trap was that, when it had caught one mouse, it could not catch another until the first had been taken out. Young Maxim's device would wind up like a clock, and set itself a great number of times. Five mice formed the first catch. The trap was expensive, however, so it yielded place to something cheaper and even more curious. "I made one," Sir Hiram tells, "that required no coiled spring, the mouse himself doing all the work. His mouseship walked in, and, touching the bait, shut himself in; this frightened him; he would attempt to escape, and did escape into a small cage, but in doing so he set the trap for the next customer, and so on." A little while, and he made the first silicated blackboard, presenting a bill for twenty-four shillings and receiving five!

Inventions  
(Various).

From wood Sir Hiram turned to metal. He began by cleaning brass-castings; then was promoted to a lathe on rough cast-iron work. And so to brass—making valves and blow-off cocks for boilers. Next he was put to dismantling an automatic gas-machine and turning out working drawings of it. At the same time he was a copper-smith when necessary. Also, he painted stripes on lathes, which was a good deal easier, if less exciting, than painting landscapes on the dashboards of sleighs—one of his earliest tasks. There followed such things as a patent automatic gas-machine, a steam-trap, a locomotive head-light for gas instead of oil, arc-lamps, dynamo-electrical machines, and, very nearly and by accident, diamonds! Thus his progress until, in August 1881, he came to London.

The Maxim Gun;  
and Pom-pom.

Very soon after this he made his first drawing of an automatic gun, that weapon which was to develop into the world-famous Maxim. Many were sceptical. To begin with, he found he could fire rather more than ten cartridges a second, using a belt feed, the gun loading and firing itself by energy derived from the recoil. Still there were unbelievers. They were speedily silenced, for the weapon was proved to fire 666 shots a minute! The gun which was its successor was much smaller, cheaper, and lighter, and became the standard for the world. Every experiment added to its value. Demonstrations were given in various countries. There were other guns, too, including the Pom-pom of South African War memory. In Switzerland his machine-gun, in action against a dummy battery at a range of twelve hundred metres, "technically killed three quarters of the men and horses" in slightly less than one minute! Later, the German Emperor said of the Maxim, which had put its every shot in the bull's-eye of a target: "That is the gun—there is no other." The Pom-pom, by the way, interested vastly Li-Hung-Chang, who made a remark which is of considerable interest to-day, when war is costing so many millions. "This gun," he said, referring to the expenditure on cartridges, "fires altogether too fast for China" (£130 per minute).

Powder; and  
Other Things.

Meantime, Sir Hiram had turned his knowledge and his commonsense to powders, and invented, for example, a smokeless powder, to say nothing of re-discovering in England that new and powerful explosive first discovered in France and called Melinite. Next, he patented a torpedo to be propelled through the air, inventing a gun to throw the torpedo so that it would strike the water only a few feet from its target. Other inventions included a coffee-roaster, a wheat-and-coffee coffee, and, of course, a flying-machine.

## The Pioneer.

Sir Hiram is a man who knows not milestones. Whenever anything new comes along in his time, he will be a pioneer. His book, no less than his career, is clear demonstration of that: it is of vital interest. And it has to tell of things other than many inventions. Here is a tale of the Turks—Sir Hiram vouches for its truth. It was in Constantinople. A dozen soldiers laboured like Trojans to help the inventor fix a Pom-pom for a demonstration. After the work had been finished he presented twenty francs by way of "tip." The sergeant looked surprised; the men refused the money. Then a private who spoke French explained: "We have done nothing that it was not our duty to do, and certainly Mr. Maxim does not expect that we, Turkish soldiers, will accept pay for doing our duty?"

\* "My Life." By Sir Hiram S. Maxim. (Methuen; 16s. net.)





THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN—AND WOMAN: THE LESSON OF NEUVE CHAPELLE.

The Virtue of Cheerfulness.

It is said that a sadness comes to us all with the arrival of spring. Why this should be I do not know—perhaps the doctors have some satisfactory explanation of it—but certainly it is a feeling to be fought against, and in this year of war it is a feeling to be fought against more energetically than ever. The campaign against amusements that has been in progress during the past weeks may partly

be due to the spring depression, and I fancy that many of the “kill joys” did not pause to think whether, in protesting against amusements, they were or were not campaigning against that cheerfulness which is one of the great assets of our British character.

A Cheery Crowd of Wounded.

Nothing in recent letters from the front seemed to me as striking as “Eye-Witness’s” account of the cheerfulness of our wounded men after the victory at Neuve Chapelle. He wrote that “our success filled the hospitals and ambulances with the cheeriest crowd of wounded ever seen there,” and told of the groups of injured men on the roads talking and laughing as they limped back out of the firing line. A great

of my relatives or any of the many dear friends I have at the front were in deadly danger I should not go to a race-meeting or to a theatre while they were fighting for their lives; but I should not, as so many well-intentioned people have tried to do, try to make it impossible for anybody else to go to races or theatres because I happened to be desperately anxious and distressed. Our Allies never have quite understood us, any more than we have quite understood our Allies; but of all silly things the silliest thing would be that Englishmen, in a great crisis of their history, should try to think and act like Russians or Frenchmen because we happen to be fighting side by side with them.

Neuve Chapelle.

It must have been very wonderful, when the noise of the terrific bombardment which preceded the advance of the British lulled, to hear the shout of 10,000 voices with which the attackers greeted the order to advance. The action of Neuve Chapelle, quite apart from its being a most gallant deed of British arms, answered one or two questions which have been in every soldier’s mind. The Dismal Jimmies who have croaked all through the winter have said that the war in the West was ending in a stalemate—that the Germans could not break through our lines, and that we could not break through the Germans’ lines.

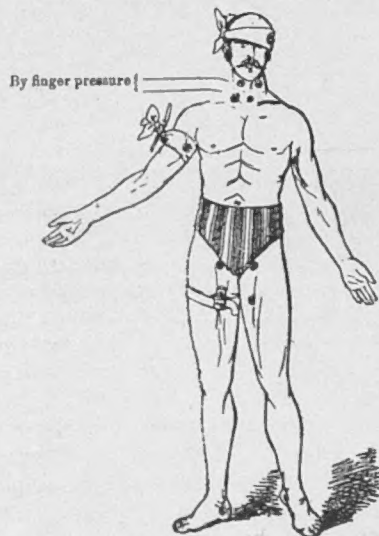
An Answer.

Neuve Chapelle proved that the latter part of that statement was not true, for nowhere on the long line of the western battle were the Germans more securely entrenched than at Neuve Chapelle. But the sudden onrush of the British and the Indians turned them out of the three lines of trenches and from the fortified positions behind the trenches. What happened at Neuve Chapelle will happen again, and next time probably the advance will be on a larger scale and will be pushed further home.

“Tenacity, Courage, and Endurance.”

Many men had wondered whether the months of slow work in the trenches would have damped the élan of the British force. The whirlwind attack of the British at Neuve Chapelle answered that question very thoroughly. The Indian troops, whom Sir John French had withdrawn for a while that they might become acclimatised, came into the front line again for the fight at Neuve Chapelle. The Indian soldier always shines in the attack, and on those three great days for the British arms our brother-soldiers from India fought as splendidly as their brother-soldiers from Great Britain. “Tenacity, courage, and endurance” were the words that Sir John French used in describing the attack of the Indian soldiers, and those words, telegraphed out to India, will send a thrill of joy through our great Eastern Empire.

Instructions for Rendering Immediate Aid



The BLACK DOTS on this Diagram show where the Arteries can be compressed to stop Arterial Bleeding from wounds.

A small flat stone or hard substance in handkerchief placed on part corresponding with black dot on diagram, and tied round limb loosely and screwed up with a stick, makes an excellent extemporised tourniquet.

FIRST AID FOR THE FIRST AIDER: A VERY USEFUL PAMPHLET OF INSTRUCTIONS.

Above is the front of a little four-page pamphlet explaining what to do to stop bleeding from wounds, and in other cases, such as burns, broken or dislocated limbs and bones, fainting, apoplexy, epilepsy, and drowning. This useful pamphlet comes from Major Maclure, of 26, Dennington Park Road, N.W., late President of the Volunteer Ambulance School of Instruction.

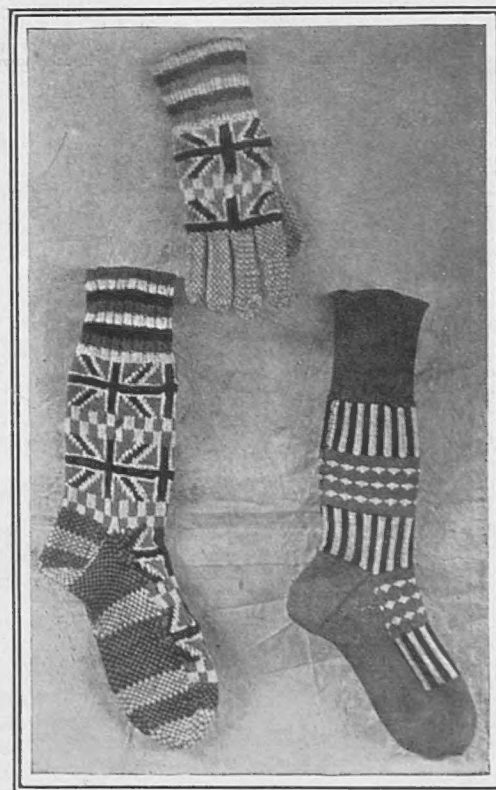
deal has been said at home of what our Allies may think of us if we are too cheerful in England and if we continue our amusements through the war. It might, with equal accuracy, be said that our Allies would not understand our wounded men treating the desperate combat in which they received their wounds as a good joke.

Because We Sing and Laugh.

I remember writing in this column that my servant at my chalet in Picardy complained to me that the English went to war for amusement, and when I contradicted this statement very emphatically she supported her contention by saying that the English, as they passed up to the front, were always laughing and singing. If our cheerfulness at home prevented one single man from joining those cheerful throngs that go singing and laughing into battle, and come out of battle wounded but still laughing and singing, I would say with all earnestness, “Let us stop everything that leads to cheerfulness at home, whether it be racing or the theatre or cricket”; but, on the contrary, I believe very firmly that cheerfulness at home helps the men at the front to be cheerful.

Racing or No Racing.

The question of racing or no racing has been settled at the Jockey Club meeting, and the decision of that body is an eminently sane one. It seems to me that to go racing or not to go racing is a matter of taste and sentiment more than anything else. If I knew that any



MAY THE WEARERS GO AND GIVE THE GERMANS “SOCKS” INSTEAD! “PATRIOTIC” HOSE AND GLOVES.

These ingenious socks and gloves, into which are worked national flags and colours, are made by women among the fisher-folk of Perth, whose ordinary occupation is at a standstill. They should not, of course, be worn by “nuts” of military age. For them the most patriotic shade is khaki.



## WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



SIR JOHN JELlicoe—FOR HIS GIFT OF WRITING SUCH SWEET LITTLE LETTERS TO THE LITTLE ONES.

In the intervals of commanding the Grand Fleet, Admiral Jellicoe finds time, now and then, to write nice little letters to nice little children, who have written to him or sent sent things for the sailors. The gallant Admiral is very happy in this epistolary vein.—At the Pomeranian Dog Show at the Botanical Gardens, the



THE POM. PUP—FOR BEING THE CHAMPION LIGHT - WEIGHT OF HIS BREED.

smallest dog in the Show, a puppy weighing only 7 oz., was one of a litter exhibited by Mr. Vince Amato. The photograph shows it inside one of the Club's challenge cups.—Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Rawlinson commands the Fourth Corps, which fought so brilliantly at Neuve Chapelle. He issued two inspiring messages to his men.

*Photographs by Sport and General and Elliott and Fry.*



GENERAL SIR HENRY RAWLINSON—FOR HIS INSPIRING MESSAGES TO THE TROOPS BEFORE AND AFTER NEUVE CHAPELLE.



COLONEL SWINTON—FOR HIS KNACK OF WRITING LONG EYE-WITNESS LETTERS WHICH DON'T TELL TOO MUCH

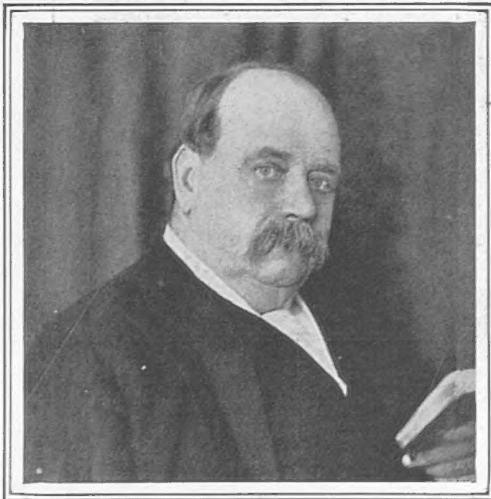
Who does not know the familiar phrase—"The following descriptive account has been communicated by an Eye-Witness present with General Headquarters"? The said Eye-Witness is none other than Colonel Swinton, seen in the centre of our photograph

giving instructions to his chauffeur on arrival in Paris from the front.—Miss Laurette Taylor, the charming impersonator of "Peg o' My Heart" in the play of that name, is seen in our photograph receiving a bunch of shamrock on St. Patrick's Day.

*Photographs by Topical. and Record Press.*



MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR—FOR GETTING "PEG" A HEART'S-FULL OF SHAMROCK ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.



SIR GEORGE REID—FOR BELONGING TO THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF "KEEP CALLING ME GEORGE."

Sir George Reid, the High Commissioner for Australia, was once asked, when he returned there after receiving the K.C.M.G., what those letters meant. On the spur of the moment he replied: "Oh, that means 'Keep calling me George.'"—Brigadier-General (formerly Colonel) Horatio James Evans has been appointed to command



BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. J. EVANS—FOR COMMANDING A WELSH BRIGADE.

the 3rd Infantry Brigade of the new Welsh Army Corps. He comes of a famous Radnorshire family, with many distinguished naval and military ancestors, and himself was D.A.A.G. on Buller's staff in South Africa.—A prominent feature of a recent article by Mr. Horatio Bottomley was a prediction that the war would end before next winter.

*Photographs by Hoppé and Swaine.*



MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY—FOR DREAMING OF AN EARLY PEACE IN HIS WAR PHILOSOPHY.



ELSIE JANISING AND GILBERT FILBERTING.



MISS ELSIE JANIS AS RAGTIME COWBOY JOE'S SISTER.



MISS ELSIE JANIS AND MR. BASIL HALLAM.



IN "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1915," AT THE PALACE: MISS ELSIE JANIS AS MISS FOXTROT, FROM THE U.S.A.; AND MR. BASIL HALLAM AS GILBERT THE FILBERT.

In our Supplement this week we give some special Studio portraits of Miss Elsie Janis. On this page we give photographs of the same fascinating little lady as she appears in the new revue at the Palace Theatre. In the course of "The Passing Show of 1915" Miss Elsie Janis is seen in such characters as Miss Foxtrot, from U.S.A.; Ragtime

Cowboy Joe's Sister; the Caller, in "Love is Blind"; and Mr. Speiro, in "The Fancy Fair" scene, in which she gives some Impressions; while Mr. Basil Hallam is seen as Gilbert the Filbert; as Copperfield, in the travesty of "David Copperfield"; as the Man in "Love is Blind"; and again as Gilbert in "The Fancy Fair."

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



RACING — MINUS THE SOCIAL ELEMENT: THE MEETING.

THE EARL OF DUNRAVEN.



THE EARL OF ROSEBERY.



THE EARL OF LONSDALE.



MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD.



THE RIGHT HON. HENRY CHAPLIN.



THE EARL OF COVENTRY.



SIR WILLIAM BASS.



VISCOUNT VILLIERS AND MR. ARTHUR JAMES.



COLONEL E. W. D. BAIRD.

The controversy in Society, and in the world of sport, as to whether racing in general, and the Epsom and Ascot meetings in particular, should be held in this year of the war, culminated in the meeting of the Jockey Club held on March 16, at the town house of the Earl of Derby. After various expressions of feeling against the continuance of the social side, it was concluded that there was "no reason to reverse the decision of last September to the effect that racing be carried out where local conditions permit, and the feeling of the locality is not adverse to the meeting being held." It was mentioned that the King had no intention of being present at Ascot, and that the

Royal Enclosure would be closed. As Lord Villiers said: "The social element would therefore be eliminated." The meeting was presided over by Captain Greer; among the speakers were the Chairman, Viscount Villiers, the Earl of Durham, Mr. F. Lambton, and other well-known and influential men, and Lord Rosebery spoke in favour of the retention of the meetings, under changed conditions. Lord Coventry moved that the Club saw no reason to reverse its September decision, and the resolution was seconded by Lord Derby, and agreed to, with one dissident. Our portraits are of some of those who attended the meeting.—[Photographs by Topical.]



## THE DAY—OF ST. PATRICK: SHAMROCK-SELLERS.



1. OUTSIDE THE RITZ: MISS BINGHAM; LADY DORIS GORDON-LENNOX, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF MARCH; LADY IRIS CAPELL, DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF ESSEX; MISS BEAUMONT NESSITT; AND LADY A. GORDON-LENNOX.
2. OUTSIDE THE CARLTON: MISS STUART-WORTLEY; THE COUNTESS OF LANESSBOROUGH; THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND; MISS PORTER PORTER; AND MISS COOMES.

Never has the "Day" of the patron saint of Ireland been turned to such good account as it was last week, when hundreds of ladies, with the Countess of Lanessborough, treasurer of the Shamrock League, and Lady Jellicoe, wife of the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, as pioneers, braved the bleak March wind and sold sprigs of shamrock with a patriotic persistence which realised something like two thousand pounds for the

funds to maintain free buffets at the railway stations for departing or returning soldiers and sailors. Lady Limerick received a telegram of congratulation from Queen Mary, and hopes to make next year's celebration of the "Day" even more memorable. Instead of lunching at the fashionable hotels last Wednesday, numbers of ladies well known in Society stood outside the great buildings proffering sprigs of shamrock.

Photographs by Alfred.





## MR. AND MRS. CUNLIFFE OWEN.

WHEN the 2nd Sportsman's Battalion left London last week they were given the opportunity of cheering a lady and her civilian husband. They did so like sportsmen. Later, as they marched past, each company saluted the same lady and same civilian. The episode was of a kind new to the Horse Guards Parade Ground; and though new episodes are not necessarily interesting—as such—in this year of innovations, we see here a curious instance of the elasticity of our military system, and of the unexpected lengths to which patriotic effort on the part of a woman may be carried, with full approval from the stronghold of masculine despotism, the War Office.

## A Napoleon of Bond Street.

There is something delightfully paradoxical and feminine in the whole history of the organisation of the Sportsman's Battalion. It was in Bond Street, of all places, that Mrs. Cunliffe Owen conceived the notion of raising the corps. She was shopping: it almost spoils the story to explain that she was helping a son to buy his uniform. Had she been choosing her laces when the thought of gathering together the sportsmen of England in their thousands came to her, the harmony in contrasts would have been complete. "The gauntlet department, please?" we can hear her saying, as this new challenge to the Kaiser took shape in her mind.

## Sixpence Well Invested.

The facts are remarkable enough. The offer of raising the battalion, or battalions, was written out on a telegraph-form within a few minutes of its conception, signed "E. Cunliffe Owen," and despatched to Lord Kitchener. The signature, which happens to belong indifferently to Mrs. Cunliffe Owen or her husband, did not force any untimely considerations of sex upon the War Office in those initial stages; and a telegram thankfully accepting the proposal was received in reply.

## The Whirl of Work.

Then came the work. The War Office, I imagine, has the labour of saying "Yes," and of waiting to see if the other person really has the ability to carry the proposal through. From Bond Street Mrs. Cunliffe Owen went to the Hotel Cecil. Within four days she had headquarters and a staff there. The War Office, remember, is still looking on. The organiser must prove his mettle. Into details of the work done by Mr. and Mrs. Cunliffe Owen we will not probe. That way lies mystery. Only the born and trained organiser can begin to understand the endless business of creating and running, at short notice, a "going concern" in which thousands of individuals are involved. The "publicity department" has to let the country know that the

battalion exists, that it offers peculiar advantages to the open-air man who has not been attracted by other opportunities of enlistment. The chances are that this open-air man—who has hitherto kept out of the recruiting-station—is a difficult bird to catch. He is the best sort when you get him; but to insist on having him at once, and to succeed, implies an almost Napoleonic combination of ability and determination.

## The Universal Provider.

From early morning till, time and again, eleven at night the organisers have been at work. At one moment camp-sites have to be found, at another a thousand tooth-brushes. It is a question of commissariat as well as recruiting: uniform contractors must be interviewed and

pension schemes explained. Electric supplies must be laid on here—and Mr. Cunliffe Owen has, in that department, very special knowledge—and billiard-tables provided there. The only commodity I did not hear of was a punishment-cell; but I doubt not that, when any members of the battalion require one, it will be forthcoming from the unfailing lady. Where exactly the work of the civilian organisers ends and that of the War Office begins is somewhat difficult to determine, but at first the authorities proper do little beyond lending a sergeant-major for the supervision of the earliest batches of recruits. Only when outside endeavour has reached a high degree of success is the battalion rewarded with its full complement of officers and a quartermaster. But even then you are not at the end of the association between the organisers and the battalion. The cheers raised last week proved the closeness of the tie.

## The Recruiting Couple.

Mr. E. Cunliffe Owen, C.M.G., the recruiting-officer-in-chief, is the son of the late Colonel Cunliffe Owen, V.C. He is a business man, accustomed to the control of a large concern, and his house in Stratford Place, next door to Lord Derby's, marks his connection with the Electric Metropolitan Supply Company. Mrs. Cunliffe Owen, too, is accustomed to the atmosphere of offices. A daughter of the late Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, she was born in—South Kensington Museum! Her father, director of the Museum, acted as the virtual commander-in-chief of several of the international exhibitions that were popular in the Victorian era, and in that capacity was one of the best-known and most popular men of the time. He was, moreover, a friend of the late King, and Queen Alexandra takes a god-mother's interest in the son whose uniform Mrs. Cunliffe Owen was buying when she realised that she had larger work to do. Since then she has been buying uniforms wholesale for several thousand other mothers' sons.



THE ORGANISER OF THE SPORTSMAN'S BATTALION AND HER HUSBAND, THE RECRUITING-OFFICER-IN-CHIEF: MR. AND MRS. E. CUNLIFFE OWEN.

As is told in the article on this page, Mrs. Cunliffe Owen conceived the idea of raising the Sportsman's Battalion, and her telegram, with the name E. Cunliffe Owen, which might have belonged either to herself or her husband, speedily got a favourable telegram in reply. Mr. Cunliffe Owen, C.M.G., who has been acting as recruiting-officer-in-chief, is the son of the late Colonel Cunliffe Owen, V.C. His wife, a daughter of the late Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, was born in South Kensington Museum.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]



## A STUDY IN WHITE: BEAUTY AND MERCY.



A GREAT LADY WHO IS VISITING THE TRAINING-CAMPS ABOUT WARWICK AND LEAMINGTON:  
THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK; AND HER YOUNGER DAUGHTER, LADY MERCY GREVILLE.

The Countess of Warwick has for years been a keen helper of others, and has made Easton Lodge and stately Warwick Castle centres of a number of efforts of various kinds, chiefly tending towards the encouragement of women-workers, especially of that class whose tastes and up-bringing lead them, when necessity compels, to take up such things as gardening, or one or other of the various arts and crafts suitable for gentlewomen especially. But to-day, with war in the air, and England virtually one great

camp, Lady Warwick (of whom, with her younger daughter, Lady Mercy Greville, we give a new and singularly interesting and picturesque portrait—a symphony in white) is devoting much time to visiting the thousands of men who are in camp for training purposes around Warwick and Leamington. That her efforts are much appreciated goes without saying. Lady Warwick is obviously inspired by the motto of the Grevilles: "I scarcely call these things our own."—[Photograph by Speaight.]





## CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

LORD CURZON, cited as one of the good judges of the loveliness that congregates at Ascot, should not really be regarded as a specially friendly observer of the smart crowd. He is in the habit of saying what he thinks about the fashion for feathers, and the consequent slaughter of birds. On such topics Lord Curzon speaks strongly: "We encourage, or allow, our women, presumably in order to satisfy or gratify ourselves, to decorate their heads with the plumage of the most beautiful and innocent things in the created world, which is ransacked and ravaged to gratify that nefarious and abominable taste." And again: "Feathers are simply required to pander to the vanity of women and the idiocy of men." Does that sound like a man who glories in Ascot merely for its pretty sights?

*Lady Selborne's Alias.* It was left to Lady Selborne to write the sanest letter of the many that have been published about the treatment of submarine prisoners. Not for the first time does she enter the very mixed company of the correspondents' column, and though she is told by the less resourceful of her opponents that her view is "sloppy sentimentalism"—how often the "sloppy sentimentalists" have come out top!—she voices a very large body of opinion. Her other famous letter to the *Times* was, oddly enough, printed over another signature. Having something to say which seemed to come better from Lady Constance Lytton's pen than her own, she used her friend's name. After a little mystification, Lady Constance explained that she accepted full responsibility for the sentiments bearing her signature.

*Old Friends and Enemies.* The taking of sides in the prisoner question reminds one of a former squabble in which the same disputants were engaged. When Mr. Winston Churchill was Home Secretary he and Lord Lytton fell out

Lytton's view was regarded as peculiar, the fashion (especially in the Churchill group) being for men to make bitter attacks upon one another in public, but to remain good pals behind the scenes. Soon after Lord Lytton's break with the Home Secretary Lady Selborne joined forces with the Lyttons. And now she and Mr. Churchill are again at loggerheads.

*Ages Ago.* Although Lady Selborne's views on the treatment of naval prisoners are tendered merely as an expression of opinion from a member of the public, she has, of course, a particular interest in the Admiralty. When Lord Selborne was First Lord she caught his enthusiasms, which were famous at the Office. It was written of him that "he had been known to spend a Bank Holiday in the empty Admiralty"—such was his zest. That happened in slack days hard to recall at this time of universal bustle.

*"Punch" in the Wars.* Sir Frank Burnand mourns the loss of a grandson in the death of Second-Lieutenant C. F. Burnand. The young soldier had been back in England on leave, had spent a short time in the best of company—his family's—and had been back at the front only a week when he was killed. Sir Frank grieves also the loss of another bearer of a name famous in the annals of *Punch*—Lieutenant-Colonel Guy du Maurier.

*Black Grief.* Both Mr. Gerald du Maurier and his soldier-brother were known to the public before they made their own way in their respective professions. They figured, as children, in their father's *Punch* drawings. But

memory is short, and perhaps even Mr. du Maurier himself cannot always identify the rôles they played in the nursery. Which of the two brothers, for instance, was the tiny boy in the corner (in one of the most delightful of the designs) for whom a sister was solicitous.



A MILITARY MARRIAGE: LADY SIBYL FRASER (NÉE GRIMSTON); CAPTAIN THE HON. ALASTAIR FRASER; AND THE BEST MAN AT THEIR WEDDING.

The marriage of Lady Sibyl Grimston, fifth daughter of the Earl and Countess of Verulam, to Captain the Hon. Alastair Fraser of Lovat, 1st Lovat Scouts, brother of Lord Lovat, took place on March 16, at St. Mary's, Chelsea, in the presence of a distinguished congregation. Lieutenant Iain Maxwell (seen here in Highland dress) was best man, and a reception was held at 25, Bryanston Square, the bride and bridegroom subsequently leaving for Beaufort Castle, Beaulieu.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



TO MARRY MISS I. D. M. MAYER: CAPTAIN A. G. L. SLADEN.

Captain Sladen, of the Royal Engineers (T.), is the son of Lieut.-Colonel J. Sladen, late Royal Artillery, and the late Lady Sarah Sladen, of Rippen Court, Kent.—Miss Mayer is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert H. Mayer, of Barkston Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.—[Photographs by Langflier.]



TO MARRY CAPTAIN A. G. L. SLADEN: MISS I. D. M. MAYER.



MARRIED TO THE HON. L. ST. AUBYN: LADY MARY THERESA PARKER.

Lady Mary St. Aubyn is the only sister of the fourth Earl of Morley. The Hon. Lionel St. Aubyn is the youngest brother of the second Baron St. Levan. Mr. St. Aubyn, it may be mentioned, is a Lieutenant in the King's Royal Rifle Corps, and was appointed, in 1910, an Equerry to the Duchess of Albany.—[Photographs by Langflier.]



MARRIED TO LADY MARY THERESA PARKER: THE HON. LIONEL ST. AUBYN.

over the question of Suffrage, Lord Lytton making a public statement in regard to the painful necessity of sacrificing old friendships where vital questions bred strong antagonisms. Lord

"Oh, mummy," pleads the little girl, "don't punish him any more. It makes the room so dark!" We are up against bigger tragedies to-day, but the charming pathos of that saying keeps its value.



*Great = War Games for Stay = at = Homes.*



II. RANGE - FINDING.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.





## SMALL TALK

LORD CURZON and Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Cust go to look at the women—and very good judges too," says Sir Hedworth Meux in his breezy—or was it written in half a controversial gale?—letter to the Jockey Club. Several guesses at his exact meaning have been ventured. The politest interpretation is that when he talked about the "good judges" the gallant Admiral was paying a covert compliment to the beauty of the women they married. Lord Curzon's wife was the magnificent Miss Leiter, of Washington, and Mrs. "Harry" Cust is the peculiarly lovely daughter of Sir William Welby Gregory. In the case of Lord Robert, Sir Hedworth's compliment came very prettily. Lady Robert Cecil was Lady Eleanor Lambton, the sailor's sister!

*Family Jars.* Lord Robert Cecil's connection by marriage with Lord Durham and Sir Hedworth Meux makes the Jockey Club mix-up all the more amazing. The one thing upon which the Lambton circle agreed was that its members should differ. Thus you find the

As schoolboys and in their 'Varsity days the two saw less of each other than is often the case with brothers, and a complete independence of opinion is established between them.

*Mr. Cust.* Whatever Sir Hedworth may say in an offhand letter to the Jockey Club, Mr. Harry Cust has done many a good day's work in the cause of sport. During his editorship of the *Pall Mall* there appeared a series of articles protesting against the universal habit of cropping show dogs. Those articles were sent to Edward VII., and Mr. Cust received a reply in which the late King expressed his full sympathy with the protest. "I am mentioning the matter to the Kennel Club," concluded his Majesty. Such was the power in those days of a hint from the Throne that within three months the practice of cropping had entirely ceased. Mr. Cust, however, is not only a protester; he is a fine shot, and though he beguiles slack moments by reciting lyrics to his companion guns on the moors, he probably has a surer eye than any of



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT R. RAMSAY WINGATE: MISS MILDRED CUTLER.

Miss Cutler is the daughter of the late William Henry Cutler, and Mrs. Cutler, of Marnhull, Dorset. Lieutenant Wingate is the son of the late Rev. George Wingate, and Mrs. Wingate, of Court, Cullompton, and is in the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.—Miss Phipps is a daughter of the late Mr. C. N. P. Phipps, and Mrs. Phipps, of Chalcot, Wilts. Lieutenant Geoffrey Kiddle, R.F.A., is the son of the late Mr. William Kiddle, of Walbundrie, New South Wales.

Photographs by Swaine and Langfier.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT GEOFFREY KIDDLE: MISS E. PHIPPS.



MARRYING MR. CHARLES MARTEL KNIGHT: MISS INA BROOMFIELD DICK.

The marriage of Miss Ina Broomfield Dick was arranged to take place to-day, March 24, at St. Stephen's Church, Kensington. Mr. Knight is in the Royal Fusiliers.—Miss Radford is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Radford, of Barry. Lieutenant-Commander W. O. C. Whall, is in the Royal Naval Reserve.—Miss Barker is the only daughter of Canon and Mrs. Rowland V. Barker, and grand-daughter of Sir Inglis Palgrave, F.R.S., of Henstead Hall, Wrentham, Suffolk. Lieutenant Sneyd-Kynnersley is the only son of the late Charles



ENGAGED TO LIEUT - COMMANDER W. O. C. WHALL: MISS DULCIE RADFORD.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT T. R. SNEYD-KYNNERSLEY: MISS ALICE BARKER.

Walter Sneyd-Kynnersley, C.M.G., and stepson of Sir Walter Egerton, K.C.M.G., Governor of British Guiana, and is in the Royal Engineers.—Mrs. Mynors is the widow of the late W. G. T. Mynors, of Tixall Hall, Staffordshire, and eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Matthew-Williams, of Whiston Hall, Altrington. Lieutenant Cook is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cook, of Mossley Hall, near Liverpool, and is in the Royal Field Artillery.—[Photographs by Bassano, Saroni, and Swaine.]



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT ARTHUR EDWIN COOK: MRS. STELLA MYNORS.

Admiral and the Earl in one camp, and Mr. Frederick Lambton and Lord Robert Cecil in another. The name of Lord Robert, who is outside the Jockey Club, was only dragged into its deliberations by his hostile brother-in-law.

*Factions.* Mr. Frederick Lambton, whose views are in exact opposition to Lord Durham's, is twin to the Earl. The differences of brothers, when they exist at all, are supposed to be more acute than differences between ordinary man and man, and perhaps twinship means an even greater degree of contrariety when once the point of divergence is reached. Long ago, when *Punch* was worried about the respective identities of the two small boys, and urged the Lord Chancellor to tattoo them, lest they should be confused at bath-time, there were reports of miniature combats in the nursery.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT NORMAN ODLING: MISS ANITA MORRISON.

Miss Morrison is the youngest daughter of Mr. Herbert W. Morrison, of Egerton Crescent, and late of Lavant House, Sussex. Lieutenant Odling is the second son of Mr. Arthur Odling, 16, Belsize Square, and is in the Scottish Horse.—Miss Forde is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Forde, of the Manor of St. John, Waterford. Lieutenant C. F. T. Lindsay is the son of Lieut.-Colonel Morgan Lindsay, C.B., R.E., and Mrs. Lindsay, of Glasnevin House, Co. Dublin, and Ystrad Fawr, Glamorgan, and is in the Royal Horse Artillery.

Photographs by Swaine and Lafayette.



ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT C. F. T. LINDSAY: MISS DOROTHY LINDSAY FORDE.

his more prosaic critics of the Jockey Club.

"Hi, You!" Now that it has replaced a number of its men-servants by women, the Athenæum Club has a chance of smoothing out one long-standing awkwardness in the relation of the sexes. By what title does the diner or tea-drinker hail the girl who waits on him—or who should be waiting on him? "Waitress" is the commonest form, but it is not quite generally acceptable. It is an ugly word, and many men with a life-long experience of tea-shops pride themselves on never having uttered it. The Athenæum has a fine literary tradition to help it out in this matter, but as yet it is in two minds. "Damsel" has found favour with a few of the members, including Sir James Barrie. What will be Lord Kitchener's choice when, for once finding himself dependent on the fair sex, he waits for a waitress?



PROOF.



BILL: I read as 'ow that 'ere 'Indenburg 'as got an English wife.  
 ALF: Ah, that accounts for 'is fightin' like 'e does.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.





# A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

## EL FIGHTING - COCK BRITANNICO.

### A SKETCH OF THE GREAT NAVY.

By RICHARD PINK.

WHEN the Republic of Santa Felice made up its mind to own a Navy, two at least of the big shipbuilding countries sat up and took notice.

America sent down a Fleet large enough and varied enough to impress anybody. It had orders to make itself particularly pleasant to whichever political side might happen, at the moment, to rule Santa Felice; it had unlimited grants for entertaining purposes, and the only orders given to the Admiral were that he was to ensure American firms getting the contract.

Germany, not to be left behind, sent a couple of battle-cruisers, under the command of one of the Lesser Princes, and the Kaiser contributed a large packing-case of orders and decorations, to be presented at appropriate moments to whomever happened to have a say in the matter.

Great Britain, on the other hand, with surprising lack of initiative for a nation of shopkeepers, sent no ships at all. She did not even express any particular interest as to whether Santa Felice possessed a navy or not.

Indeed, it was nearly a month after the Americans and Germans had disappeared when H.M.S. *Brazier* rattled her way into the harbour of Santa Felice's capital.

H.M.S. *Brazier* was a third-class cruiser, of the famous "B" class, and very far from being a "show ship." Indeed, she was old, her guns were old, her engines were old, and her fighting value was—nil.

She did not come about that ship contract at all: she simply called in because it was part of her routine duty to do so.

The inhabitants of Santa Felice were still suffering from dyspepsia as a result of the Americo-German invasion; also during the preceding twelve years they had got to know H.M.S. *Brazier* fairly well, so there was little or no official entertainment, and absolutely no public excitement or celebration.

Yet, in spite of this, when Santa Felice's navy came to be built, it was Great Britain that received the contract, and it was by H.M.S. *Brazier's* presence in the port that she obtained it. Here is the story—

When leave was piped for the port watch in Santa Felice harbour, not very many men made their way ashore. They knew only too well that Santa Felice consisted, like Malta, of—

Priests and bells,  
Goats and smells—

with a few drinking-shops thrown in as the only places of entertainment. These might have attracted them but for the fact that English beer was a shilling a bottle, and that it was well-nigh impossible to become even moderately tanked on a week's pay. The other drinks were unspeakable.

Some enthusiasts, however, went ashore, and, having sampled every joy the town offered, realised that they were unutterably bored, and that there was no boat off to the ship for four hours. They therefore looked about them for some means of passing the time, and to that end trooped *en masse* to the Consulate and interviewed the porter at the gate.

That gentleman's knowledge of English was certainly not very great, and the only entertainment he could offer them was a cock-fight at a small village two miles up country. It certainly did not sound very inviting, but, for lack of better enjoyment, they hired a number of ramshackle cabs and set forth.

It was better than they expected, for not only was the cock-fighting a new and ever-laughable spectacle, but there was betting to be done, and by the time they came away they had succeeded in losing every penny they had brought ashore with them. The natives, you see, were wily, and advised the sailors as to which cock they should back.

When they returned on board they naturally spread the good tidings, and when the liberty-men went ashore the next day the boat was crowded. The revellers enjoyed themselves hugely at this new form of sport; but again, sad to relate, they lost their money right and left.

The Santa Felicians, unfortunately, began to chortle in their glee. They were not tactful enough to pretend to be sorry for the sailors' losses. Indeed, matters almost came to blows, and would most undoubtedly have done so had either the sailors or the natives had a more complete grasp of each others' language. Fortunately, neither could quite understand all the things the other side were saying about them; still, they could understand a few words here and there, and feeling ran high.

So the sailors returned on board, swearing to get even at the first opportunity, and that night they held a solemn conclave on the upper deck, but no suitable plan presented itself until Baldy suddenly appeared to save the situation.

You see, Baldy was a bird, though exactly what sort of a bird no one knew. He was large, brown of colour, and had fluttered one day, in an exhausted condition, to the deck of H.M.S. *Brazier*; so the ship's company had clipped his wings first, then fed him, and afterwards christened him "Baldy," on account of the lack of feathers on his head.

Baldy did not prove exactly an interesting pet. He spent most of his days roosting on the skid beams, and only showed any interest when people brought him food. His affections went by the amount of food he was given. If a man fed him at all suitable and unsuitable hours, Baldy was prepared to allow that man to ruffle his feathers for him, and, sometimes, would even perch upon his shoulder. On the other hand, if he were not fed, he would permit no familiarity whatever, and his beak was not a thing to trifle with.

On this occasion he sat himself heavily on Nobby Clark's hand, and Nobby moved hastily away. So Baldy pecked Nobby very violently, and Nobby swore.

But it gave Nobby an idea, for all that, and it also gave Great Britain the contract for those Santa Felician Super-Dreadnoughts, their guns and armour, and all that was within them.

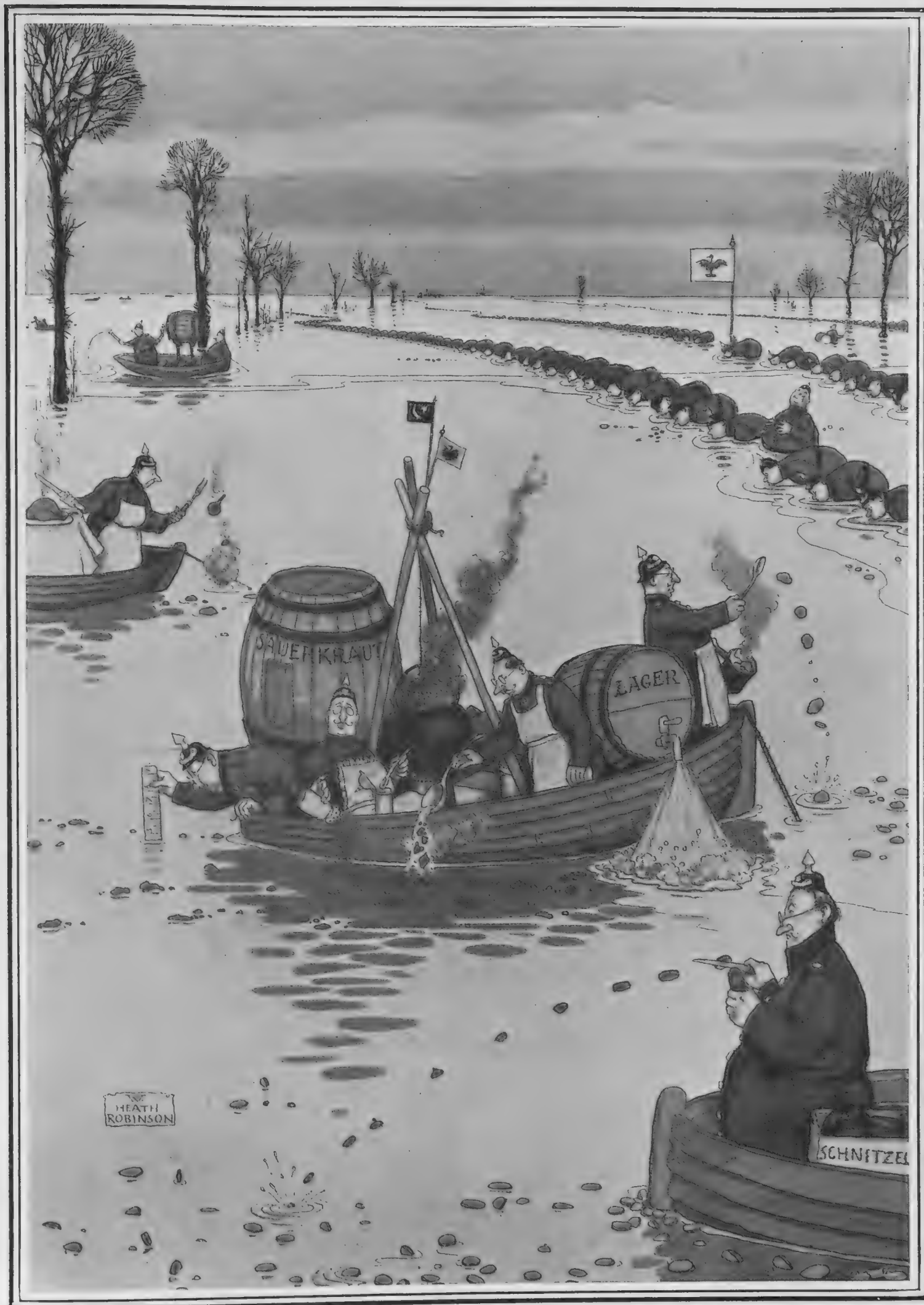
When the English sailors issued a challenge that they would produce an English fighting-cock which would vanquish any six Santa Felician birds—one down, t'other come on—without any interval for refreshments, the natives laughed until they wept tears of joy. They knew their breed of bird pretty well, and they had no doubts about the outcome of such a contest; also, it would mean considerable cash in their purses.

So they accepted the challenge, and, having borrowed sufficient funds from the Department of Agriculture to meet the whole weight of the month's pay produced by the crew of the *Brazier*, arranged that the fight should take place on the next Sunday. They, incidentally, also arranged for the services of the

[Continued overleaf.]



THOROUGHNESS.



MOPPING-UP THE FLOODS IN BELGIUM: THE NEW GERMAN METHOD.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



six best-known fighters among the many fighting-cocks of the Republic.

The arrival of the sailors at the battle-ground was greeted with cheers and calls for the production of the cock. The sailors bowed politely, and two of their number stepped to the front, carrying a large canvas-bag. They turned the bag, mouth down, over the cock-pit, and proceeded to shake it. It needed a lot of shaking to dislodge the occupant, who, apparently, had been firmly wedged therein.

Then, for the first time, the Santa Felicians were introduced to an English fighting-cock. They gasped in surprise before the most amazing creature they had ever set eyes upon. It was a vast bird, and its entire body and wings were covered with circles of white with a dot of red within them. Huge white rings surrounded its eyes, and its beak was a brazen blue. Its legs and claws were decorated with alternate bands of red, white, and blue; while out of its tail grew a small whippish bamboo, and from it a tiny White Ensign fluttered in the breeze.

No wonder the Santa Felicians gasped. Never, never within the memory of living man, had such an extraordinary fighting-cock been seen. The natives began to have serious doubts, and called out angrily; but the sailors only smiled, and signed for the fight to commence.

The first fighting-cock, dwarfed entirely by this vast English bird, was placed in the pit. For a few moments he danced around happily in the sunlight, and the audience waited in an ecstasy of expectation. They wondered what tactics the English bird would pursue; but the English bird, strange to relate, did not seem to take any interest in the proceedings.

He settled himself comfortably in a patch of shadow, gazed round to see that his friends were within call, sunk his head, and went peacefully to sleep.

After a time the native bird spied him, and, feathers abristle, darted to the attack. He pecked the English bird vigorously in the neck.

The English bird woke up, gazed round to discover what had disturbed him, noted that his shipmates were still present, and then sank his head once more to peaceful rest.

The whole movement was so disdainful that the Santa Felicians broke into angry murmurs, and urged their cock on to do its best. It needed no urging, however; it darted forward once more, and delivered another well-aimed peck.

Again the English bird awoke, gazed round, saw that its friends were still there, and, deciding that it must have been dreaming, sank its head once more to slumber.

This time there was no pause. The cock came on like a whirlwind, its wings fluttering, and its beak darting in and out like a lightning streak.

The English bird woke up, much annoyed. At last he spied his puny, but plucky, antagonist. Baldy gazed at the cock for a moment, and then his head moved unhurriedly forward.

The fighting-cock stopped in his attack, and gazed in pained surprise at the vast beak that approached him. Then, with a quaint sort of croak, it attempted to skip back out of the way. It was too late.

That fighting-cock's fighting days were over for ever.

And so it was with the remainder, till six unhappy corpses decorated the pit.

It was obvious that the Santa Felicians felt considerably distressed. Their hands stole towards their knives; the crew of H.M.S. *Brazier* did not seem to care.

They felt too good-humoured to mind anything, so they took the Santa Felicians and Baldy to the nearest drinking-shops, and there entertained the natives with much drink and Baldy with unlimited food.

Then, arm in arm with their late adversaries, the sailors returned to the capital and finished the night with great joviality, parting next morning the best of friends to catch the boat off to their ship.

And that was how Great Britain obtained the contract for Santa Felice's navy. As the Santa Felicians said, the nation which could produce fighting-cocks like Baldy was certainly the nation to build useful men-o'-war.

But it was months before the paint finally wore off Baldy's feathers.



BEFORE IT WAS FORBIDDEN FRUIT TO OFFICERS IN UNIFORM: AT A SUPPER CLUB.

DRAWN BY E. PETO.



# NAPIER

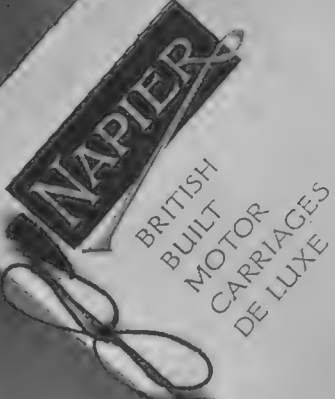
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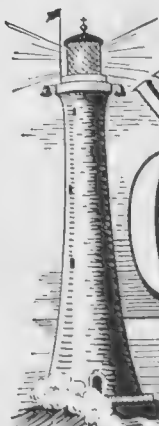
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By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**A Foredoomed Fiasco.**

It seems idle to discuss at length and with considerable heat the propriety of holding the Epsom and Ascot carnival "as usual," for it is quite certain that if those classic races are run there will be nothing "as usual" except the horses. The King and Queen will neither appear in State nor in the Royal Box; while Society, being almost wholly in mourning, will be conspicuous by its absence. Such being the social outlook, who would be bold enough to predict that the middle classes will want to flaunt in finery or make bets at either the Derby, the Oaks, or the Gold Cup? It would seem, indeed, as if the attendance would be limited to a few owners, trainers, jockeys, and bookmakers, with some riff-raff from the least edifying quarters of London. The railway companies, if they chose, could limit the crowds at such an unseemly carnival; and who can tell what dire necessity we may have, when June is here, for keeping the lines clear and every railway carriage or truck at the service of the State? Perhaps by then the population of these extraordinary islands will have realised the titanic struggle, and may even omit to have a "bit on" the Derby favourite. The cry of the evening newsboy with "All the Winners" was distasteful enough in the South African War. What would it sound like in the Great Hour which is approaching?

**The New Type of Officer.**

There is a full-length military portrait of a young English gunner in the Society of Portrait Painters' exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery *qui donne furieusement à penser*. It rightly occupies the most important place in the galleries, for the painter, Mr. W. J. Leach, has happily fixed, for all the world to see and note, our new type of military officer. Never was a young fighter depicted with less swagger or less gold lace. In his dark-blue uniform, with a military cloak covering every gleam of gold, the young man stands, reserved, modest, but resolved, his hands lightly clasping his sword-hilt. It is difficult to imagine a type more divergent from the arrogant, swashbuckling Prussian officer as typified in the egregious von Förstner of Zabern. If he looks a trifle serious—well, gunners are serious folk nowadays, and a quiet modesty infinitely becomes them.

Here we have a young man of brains who is incapable alike of malice or sentimentality. He could not intone a "Song of Hate," nor would he be inclined to sing a British equivalent of "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles." This reserved and serious young man does not take himself seriously at all. But what is obvious is that he intends to "do his bit," and that that particular bit will be in the nature of a surprise for the enemy. There are other military portraits in this show (soldiers would appear to have more time to be painted than sailors)—some gallant and dashing, others roguish, others transcendental—but this portrait of "Captain Leach, R.F.A.," arrests one's attention above all others.

**"A Mad World, My Masters!"**

Who would have predicted, a year ago, the strange advertisements which appear every morning in the *Times*? What has become of British etiquette, British aloofness, British phlegm? We seem to live in another world, in which everyone of kindred blood clings together like little children in some terrifying dark room. What pathos in four lines when some father or some wife begs for any information of the whereabouts of a soldier who is "missing." Then the joyous announcement that "Mère, Léontine et Tante Félicie sont bien arrivées à Londres, 300, Princes Square, Bayswater."

Further on, we come to the willing youth who only requires a sword, a complete kit, or a motor-car, and he will be off to the front. Lonely warriors earnestly entreat complete strangers to write them "bright, cheery letters" while they are on active service. You smile at the naïve request; but, after all, why should you not write anonymous letters, if they give pleasure, as well as go and talk to strange wounded soldiers in a hospital? But most touching of all is the "lame officer" who was offered a seat by a lady—presumably young and beautiful—in the Bakerloo Tube, and who desires to present her with a small memento of the occasion. This sounds most promising of romance, and I, for one, shall watch the "Agony" column with increasing interest.

**La Jeune Fille et la Guerre.**

From all one hears of life at the front, the French Young Person, in châteaux and villages out of the firing line, is having a gay time of it. If the elders of the family take the war with seriousness, can we expect "Rising Eighteen" to be anything but excited and gay when surrounded by so many glittering swords and epaulettes, or the equally adored British khaki? There is matter here for novels of international "manners," for hundreds of tales, for dozens of comic operas. Though young British officers home on leave are prudently and modestly discreet, one hears from French friends that khaki, for the *jeune fille*, is irresistible, though possibly the Highlander's kilt and dirk takes first place in her regard. There is matter for High Romance in all this, and a year hence, perhaps, there will be an influx of French brides in this island. Meanwhile, the Young Person insists on playing at childish games with British officers of an evening, under the parental eye. The sillier and the noisier the game the better, and those in which lighted candles or cold douches play a considerable part are those which are first favourites. It is pleasant to think that youth and high spirits still go hand in hand in France and in Flanders.

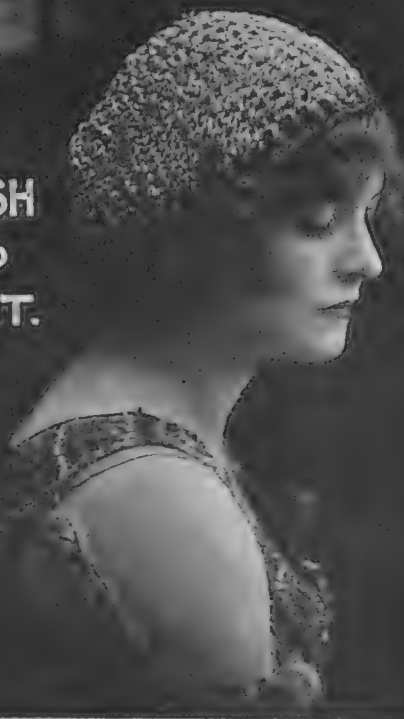


MILLINERY IN WAR-TIME: MODES FOR THE EARLY SPRING.

On the top is a quaint hat for a girl, with a brim of dark-green straw, and a full crown of green-and-yellow striped taffeta, with a tassel of dark-green silk ornamented with red, amber, and green beads. The left-hand hat is turned up all round with *tête-de-nègre* straw, and has bunches of roses in shades of pink and mauve, and deep purple berries, at the back and front; while the crown is of string-coloured taffeta. The sailor shape on the right is of white straw, the top of the brim being of black velvet, continuing half-way up the crown, where it is cut out in points. Two large feather pompons, one white and one black, are placed on the two sides of the brim.

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We will send post free to ANY address a flask of these delicious and sustaining food tablets and a neat vest pocket case on receipt of 1/6. If the man is on active service, be particular to give his name, regimental number, regiment, brigade and division.

Of all Chemists and Stores, in convenient pocket flasks, 1/- each. Larger sizes, 1/6, 2/6 and 11/-

Liberal Sample Bottle sent post free for 3d. in stamps.

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IF this be true, and really it is, you know, all the greater reason to treat the skin properly and help it look its best.

MY home-treatment with Lavine Skin Food is unfailing in results. This exquisite Unguent is one of the best fruits of my years of practical work in the laboratory of the most famous Specialist in Europe.

Price 3/6, 7/6 & 15/6 Jar  
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LAVINE SKIN TONIC, a complement of the Cream, is for preventing wrinkles. It is anti-septic and is guaranteed free from Glycerine.

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## Eleanor

(late with Madame Rubinstein).  
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Are you making any effort to guard your skin from the effects of the keen March winds? Before you go out just apply a little

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to your face and hands. It will protect them from the rough weather. Beetham's La-rola is a complexion emollient which has a special softening influence on the skin tissues. It effectually removes and prevents all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Chaps, etc., arising from exposure to Cold Winds and Frost, or from the use of Hard Water.

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# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## War or Mourning?

Fighting, we know, is a cause for sorrow: it is useless, senseless, and uncivilised. Yet it is as inevitable as disaster and disease, and it brings out splendid qualities in human nature. That we should become a nation of mourners because we are at war is another matter. We are certainly not losing, we have much to bear yet, and we have already lost thousands of our bravest and our best. To give up races, to have no amusements or relaxations, seems the selfish indulgence of grief to the detriment of the spirit of the people. We should strain every effort to keep things going. Men home on leave from the front will not talk about the war: they tell you very frankly they want to forget it and to enjoy themselves. It would be well that we at home shared this feeling; we get far too much of undiluted war, and are far better for occasional excursions into other interests. That a vast number of our people do not realise that we are at grips for existence is certain: stopping their amusements will not open their minds on the subject! Let the people have their reasonable relaxations; if not, they will resort to others unreasonable. A Derby Day this year, or an Ascot Week, will not be festive—no fear of that! Only those with no personal sorrows will go, and they will be a sadly diminished company.

**Smart and Bright.** The new modes ought to hearten us, for, according to Harrod's fashions, as delineated in their recently issued booklet, they are jaunty and pretty in the extreme; also the prices are lower than we were led to expect that they would be. The "C. S. Stanley" is a very neat tailor-made coat and skirt, the top portion like a tunic and bound with braid, as is also the very well-cut and smart-looking coat; while the waistcoat is of ivory-white soft corded silk. The price of this quiet but most stylish and becoming spring suit is only 7½ guineas. Long coats for travel and country wear have a distinction about them that is most

Fighting, we know, is a cause for sorrow: it is useless, senseless, and uncivilised. Yet it is as inevitable as disaster and disease, and it brings out splendid qualities in human nature.

contribution-cards divided into forty-eight spaces, each one representing a tin of Nestlé's. For each twenty tins sent in this way, Nestlé's send one free. Those of us, therefore, who think for our gallant soldiers' comfort can give them milk in their tea by buying these spaces—one, or as many as we can afford, and as often. The case of forty-eight tins can be despatched through the trade, free of carriage, to any unit. Grocers or store managers will supply collecting-cards, or they can be had, with full information, from Nestlé's, 6-8, Eastcheap, E.C.



MARRYING MR. D. A. J. CHAPMAN, 19TH HUSSARS: MISS LILLIAN WARNER.

Miss Lillian Georgina Warner, who is to be married to Mr. David Archibald James Chapman, 19th Hussars, only son of Colonel David Phelps Chapman, M.V.O., and Mrs. Chapman, of The Manor House, Ham, Surrey, on March 27, is the youngest daughter of Sir Courtenay and Lady Leucha Warner.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

## Fresh Eggs for the Wounded.

Our wounded soldiers require fresh eggs as much as any invalids; they are simply necessities in invalid cookery, and yet are most difficult to get anywhere within miles of the fighting lines. The National Egg Collection is a splendid organisation for collecting eggs from local depots and sending them out. Major-General Clayton, Inspector-General of Communications, has sent a letter of gratitude to the chairman of the executive committee for the very excellent fresh eggs that have been received at Boulogne, and says that the eggs have been the greatest possible boon to the sick and wounded. This testimony will send many a kind reader to the nearest local depot (the address of which can be obtained at the head office, 154, Fleet Street, E.C.), to arrange for joining in this good work.

## A Wrong Impression

May have been gathered by the few people who do not know the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, from the report of a case relating to electro-plate which appeared in the Press. It mentioned, with several other firms, the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths, whose plate on assay revealed a very low standard. The firm mentioned has no connection with the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths that we all know so well, which has neither agents nor branches, and whose electro-plate is, like everything else in their establishment, of the highest quality—for which, in every branch of their business, they have a world-wide reputation.



A FAMOUS "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" WAR ARTIST SHOWING HOW HE SKETCHES WHEN HE IS AT THE FRONT: MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS EXPLAINING TO LORD CASTLEROSSE HOW IT IS DONE.

Mr. Frederic Villiers, that famous war artist of the "Illustrated London News," who has been in every campaign of importance since 1876, and is now at the front again for his paper, has, as might have been expected, done some remarkable work during the present war. His battle-sketches have, indeed, aroused enormous interest. Lord Castlerosse, who is seen on the left of the photograph, is in the Irish Guards, and was wounded in the earlier stages of the Great War. He is the eldest son of the Earl of Kenmare.—[Photograph by Percy Brown.]

attractive. They are in tweed and in blanket cloth, and offer considerable variety in shape, the prices being from 8s. to 69s. 6d. The all-prevailing soldier effect is cleverly introduced in some smart rain-coats priced from 39s. 6d. to 63s. The spring millinery in the book alone makes it well worth sending for, as it affords a charming study in many different styles, most of them suitable to wear with coats and skirts. Then there are delightful fashions for little folk; new and fascinating blouses in dozens, very clearly and helpfully illustrated. Furs at easy summer prices are also illustrated, and our climate has always days when furs are as comfortable as they prove becoming. There are afternoon dresses too; one, in taffeta trimmed with Harrodine, having a vest and collar of embroidered muslin in navy, black, nigger-brown, or ivory, is 7½ guineas, and made in special measurement is 10s. 6d. extra. The booklet is a really reliable guide to fashions as they are and will be, also a guide to some of Harrod's spring novelties, and so it should be written for and studied.

**Our Soldiers' Tea.** The fighting men at the front love their tea, coffee, chocolate, or cocoa, but they do not love it milkless. Nor need it ever be so, for Nestlé's have organised a practical scheme by means of



A WAR WEDDING AT ST. PAUL'S, KNIGHTSBRIDGE: THE HON. EVELYN BOSCAWEN AND HIS BRIDE AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The marriage of the Hon. Evelyn Boscawen, Coldstream Guards, eldest son of Viscount and Viscountess Falmouth, to Miss Margaret Meynell, only daughter of Lady Mary Meynell and the Hon. Frederick Meynell, took place with strict privacy, owing to the death in action of a near relative of the bridegroom, on March 19, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

Photograph by L.N.A.



AFTER OFFERING A ST. PATRICK'S DAY TRIBUTE TO A GREAT SON OF IRELAND: LADY LIMERICK AND LADY JELlicoe LEAVING ST. PAUL'S.

The Countess of Limerick, founder of the Shamrock League (right), and Lady Jellicoe, wife of the Admiral of the Grand Fleet, and daughter of Sir Charles Cayzer, at noon on St. Patrick's Day took a large wreath of shamrock and laurel to St. Paul's Cathedral, and laid it on the tomb of Lord Roberts.

Photograph by Topical.

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# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

AN EDISON RUMOUR RE BENZOL: THE UP-TO-DATE ROAD HOG AT HIS WORST: MORE STEEL WANTED.

## Edison on a New Tack.

Somewhat surprising news comes from the States to the effect that the famous inventor Edison has embarked on a new quest. One does not know whether he considers that he has solved the problem of the light storage-battery or, alternatively, has relinquished his efforts in disgust; but it is now reported that he has turned his attention to the question of recovering benzol, as a motor-car fuel, from coke-making plants, and is awaiting the construction of a plant for that purpose from his own designs. America, of course, is the last country in the world in which one would expect a shortage of motor fuel, but it is evident that even there the need for an efficient substitute for "gasolene" is being felt. At the same time, the price at which benzol has so far been produced is relatively so near to the cost of petrol itself that Mr. Edison has obviously set himself a very hard task, for "gasolene," it must be remembered, is much cheaper in America than it is with us. If he does succeed in discovering something really advantageous, however, he will have earned the gratitude of European motorists to a far greater extent than he has yet been able to do in respect of electric vehicles, which, popular as they are in the States, have made no appreciable inroads over here upon the sale of internal-combustion types.

## Even in War Time!

Numbers of motorists have been putting their cars to such beneficent use that they have probably never before enjoyed so much goodwill at the hands of the non-motoring community. All the more regrettable, therefore, did I consider a rampant display of "road-hogging" that I recently came across. I was driving over a long, straight stretch of highway in Surrey, along which three pedestrians abreast were walking towards me. Just as I drew near them, and was veering outwards slightly in order to pass them without making them drop into single file, I heard a sudden bark of a motor-horn, and looked round quickly in expectation of seeing a high-powered car doing an unreasonably fast burst at close quarters. To my surprise, I found that it was a very light vehicle, very squat, but evidently fitted with a fast engine capable of accelerating to something like fifty miles an hour. The driver, however, had chosen to assume that there was nothing in front, and he elected to take his chance of passing; but as he hustled by I had the greatest possible difficulty in avoiding his back wheel on the one hand, and compelling the pedestrians to jump aside for safety on the other. The thing was so outrageously done as to make both myself and my

three passengers fairly thunderstruck with astonishment and indignation.

## The Incurrigible Road-Hog.

What followed, however, was even worse. Another car of the same type came by, and it was soon made evident that they were a couple of trade vehicles out for demonstration purposes. The drivers indulged in a race for the next couple of miles, alternately passing and re-passing each other. Then they drew up level to have a chat, blocking up the road meanwhile. As I approached,

they moved into single file and signalled me to pass. Before I had gone half a mile, however, I heard another hoot, and the first driver repeated his performance of rushing by at top speed. As before, however, owing to the extreme lowness of his car, he had not been able to see that I was nearing a sharp bend. If I had founded this he would have had no option but to crash straight into me, wrecking his own car, and to some extent damaging mine. To save him from the consequences of his own folly, however, I had to put the brakes hard on and also take the grass. A little further on he stopped once more, and, as I passed, was stroking his moustache with a fatuous smile. For aught I know, he continued this policy of showing off the accelerating power of his car at the expense of every other car which came along.

Now what is one to do with a road-hog of this type? He would be quite insensible to any proper rebuke; while, on the other hand, as I twice saved him from a collision, no actual damage was effected. If I had lodged any complaint, he would, of course, have denied that he had committed any offence, and would have been backed

up by his fellow-demonstrator. Meanwhile, I can only warn motorists to keep a sharp look-out for the gentry who are using the roads in order to exploit, in a dangerous manner, small cars with high-speed engines.

## The Shortage of Material.

From several quarters I have learned that the difficulty of obtaining raw material is considerably hampering the motoring industry, and especially the makers of small cars. They are doing a brisk trade, but it would be bigger still if they could obtain the necessary steel for back-axes, etc., from Sheffield and elsewhere. As for workmen generally, they are having the time of their lives.

What with time-and-a-half and double time working, there are plenty of men who are taking home £5 a week; in addition to which many of them have three soldiers billeted on them, and are deriving profit in that direction also.



AN EXTRAORDINARY SEQUEL TO A MOTOR ACCIDENT: THE STARTING HANDLE OF THE WRECKED CAR EMBEDDED IN A TREE-TRUNK.

The accident happened in France. Two men were killed. The starting-handle of the wrecked car was driven into a tree-trunk, as shown.



WHEN THE MOTOR-BUS GOES TO WAR: A.S.C. MEN CONVERTING LONDON 'BUSES INTO FIELD-SERVICE LORRIES.

Our photograph shows how our every-day friends, the London motor-omnibuses, are converted into war-vehicles—motor-lorries. The process is summary. The uprights are sawn through, a rope is slung round the body of the 'bus, and, with a haul, off it all slides. The task is mostly done by Army Service Corps men, who are said "much to enjoy it." Some minor smoothing-down, and the use of grey paint, complete the transformation.

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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE latest novelty is another American farce. It is called "Seven Days." Including an American adaptation from the German, it makes the fifth American farce now on our boards. Putting aside "He Didn't Want to Do It," I venture to say that these pieces are quite destroying the public belief that the Americans have a keen sense of humour; as a group, taking particularly the case of "Seven Days," they exhibit a humble sense of comicality and none of proportion. The latest is antidiluvian; a pity, for the idea of a number of people being quarantined in a house without warning, because of a case of infectious disease, might well have led to something really amusing. Instead of which we had that ancient, moss-grown tale of a man who, to deceive his rich aunt, pretends that he is married, and passes off a spinster as his bride. Of course, it included the hoary chestnut of the aunt telling the spinster of her hopes of a grand-nephew or niece. Also, we had innumerable jests about the fatness of Mr. Lennox Pawle, nor were we spared the humours of drink, though there was not a great deal of them; but wit was not inflicted upon us, nor real observation of character, farcically treated; and there was any amount of padding, which seemed to have been introduced largely for the purpose of making the piece fill the programme. Sardou, on account of questions connected with royalties, used to make his plays last the whole evening. No doubt he is as dead as Queen Anne, but he had much wit and keen sense of character, and his padding was often as good as the relevant parts of successful pieces. Indeed, it took a real critic to detect what was padding. The "fill-up" scenes of the American farce-writers are as obvious as St. Paul's at noon. Quite a good company. Yet poor Miss Lottie Venne, after a triumphant entry, could do nothing in particular, and seemed a little dashed in spirits; Miss Marie Hemingway was quite charming till one began to notice that she appeared to be playing the same scene most of the time. Miss Athene Seyler battled nobly, and was funny the first time that she did some spiritualistic tomfoolery.

Most of the plays provoked, or evoked, by the war, have been rubbish; but Fonson's drama, "La Kommandatur," despite a needlessly melodramatic ending, is a play of great merit, so it is a good thing that an excellent English version, by Celia Storm and Ine Cameron, has been produced. The first night was at the King's, Hammersmith; probably the thrilling work will soon find its way

into the sacred circle of the West End. The question of language prevented a real success from being won at the Criterion; but, in our mother-tongue, this strong, poignant story of the German invasion of Belgium will make a great impression on all classes of playgoers, except the callously frivolous. The performance by Mr. J. D. Beveridge as the elderly ex-soldier, was quite touching and admirable; and Miss Miriam Lewes gave some excellent acting in the part of Catherine. The rest of the company played very well.

Very excellent work—in a quarter where help is not, perhaps, often suspected to be necessary—is being done by the Officers' Branch of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association, whose offices are at 97, New Bond Street, W., and whose Hon. Secretary is Mrs. Walder-Wallis, who will gladly send full particulars of the Association to anyone who will write to her. H.M. Queen Alexandra has given her patronage to a matinée in aid of the funds, to be held on Tuesday, April 13, at the Queen's Theatre, kindly lent by Messrs. George Grossmith and Edward Laurillard. Many very clever artists have promised to appear, including Mme. Réjane, Mr. Basil Hallam, Mr. Ernest Milton, Mme. Liza Lehmann, Miss Viola Tree, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, and many others. Mrs. Walder-Wallis will be glad to send particulars, on application.

There seems to be something prophetic about the following quotation lit upon casually in turning over the pages of "Many Inventions," in the new "Service" edition of Rudyard Kipling issued by Messrs. Macmillan: "If you discard my friendship ye must come to Vine Street wi' me for stealin' the Breslau's dinghy." There is no allusion, however, to the Goeben in the prophecy. "Many Inventions" occupies two of the four new volumes of the "Service" edition. The other two contain "The Naulahka," a story written in collaboration with Wolcott Balestier. The attractions of this handy pocket Kipling are now well known.

The small band of women artists known as "La Belle Alliance" who, finding all their avenues of work closed by the war last autumn, took to dress-designing and dressmaking as a means of livelihood, have met with so much encouragement that they have been able to ask one or two professional dressmakers to join them, and they have recently moved to more attractive quarters at 9, Clifford Street, Bond Street, W. They will give every Wednesday afternoon a little show of their newest ideas in dress.



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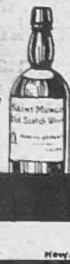
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*"And a very good Judge too"*

## Cigarettes for Friends on Active Service

A reduction of 1/- per 100 from the usual prices will be made on quantities of 200 or more "De Reszke" Cigarettes sent to soldiers on active service in France or Belgium. Orders may be given to any Tobacconist, or sent to the address below, at the above rate plus postage. (Full official address must be given.)



## To those who smoke "De Reszke" Cigarettes—and those who don't

**Y**OU, who smoke "De Reszke" Cigarettes, used at one time to buy another brand. But something—a "De Reszke" offered to you by a friend, or perhaps a box you were induced to buy through one of our advertisements—settled the Cigarette question for you once and for all.

To-day you are a steadfast believer in the superiority of the "De Reszke." You know it is imbued with the characteristics which distinguish the super-cigarette from the moderately good.

And you are right, for in all the world there is no other Cigarette which can boast such sales expansion—the one true sign of supreme quality.

**T**O you who do not smoke "De Reszke" Cigarettes—a word. You are in the same position as hundreds of those who to-day smoke "De Reszke" Cigarettes have been at some time or another.

You have read our advertisements, and, likely enough, felt that "De Reszke" Cigarettes must be unusually good. Yet something—we know not what—has apparently prevented you, until now, making your first acquaintance with the "De Reszke." Well, now is your time. We invite you to go to your tobacconist to-day and get a box of "De Reszke" Cigarettes. We promise you that their superior quality will win your admiration—and your future custom.

## "De Reszke" The Aristocrat of Cigarettes

TWO KINDS—ONE quality only—THE BEST.

	100		100
TURKISH (in three sizes) {		Gold Tipped	
Tenor (large) ..	6/3	..	7/9
Basso (extra large) ..	8/3	..	9/9
Soprano (Ladies) ..	5/3	..	6/3
AMERICAN (one size only) ..	5/3	..	6/3

Gold tipped guaranteed 22ct. Cork tipped at the same prices as Gold tipped. Sold by all Tobacconists and Stores, or post free from J. MILLHOFF & CO., Ltd. (Dept. 3), 86, Piccadilly, London, W.

